

A
Funeral Oration
UPON THE 1729
DEATH
OF

The most HIGH, most MIGHTY, most EXCELLENT,
And most RELIGIOUS PRINCE,

JAMES the SECOND,
Late KING of Great-Britain.

SPOKEN

The 19th Day of September, 1702. in the Church of St.
Mary de Chailot, where his Majesty's Heart is Deposited.

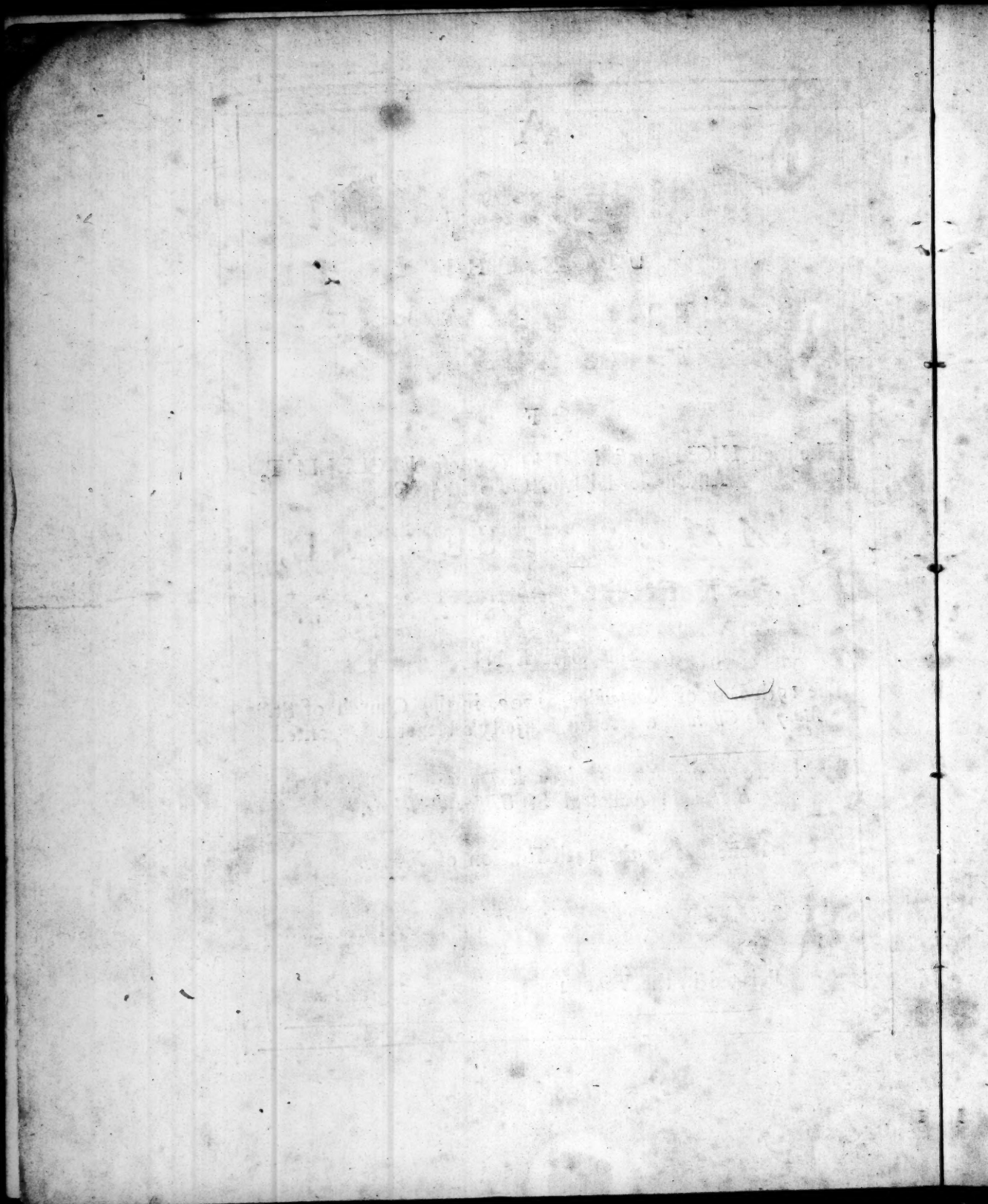
By Messire Henry Emmanuel de Rouquette, Doctor of the
Sorbonne; Abbot of St Gildas de Rhuis.

Done out of the 13th Edition of French.

The Second Edition, to which is added a PREFACE.

Printed in the Year 1703.

Price 1s.



T H E
P R E F A C E
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

IF no other Reason could be brought for the Translation of this Funeral Oration upon the Death of that most Religious Prince, King James the Second: The many Editions it hath already receiv'd in French, are great Motives to it. The Author of this Oration, Messire Henry Emmanuel de Rouquette, Dr. of the Sorbonne, and Abbot of St. Gildas de Rhuis, is perhaps one of the greatest Orators France has produc'd, even since she became the Mart of Learning, and all Ingenious Arts. Now without doubt this Oration was thought to answer the Character of the Person that Spoke it; 'twas certainly esteem'd an Elaborate Piece, a Piece of Great and Uncommon Excellence, or else

13 Editions had never appear'd in the World, and much less reach'd our Coast; tho' the Memory of that Great, but Unfortunate Monarch, can never be buried in Oblivion.

Scarce any Foreign Work of Worth and Excellence appears in France, but they make it their own, by Translating it into their own Tongue. By that means they do, as it were, engross the Learning of all Nations to themselves, and make it plain to any indifferent Understanding. And shall we envy our Country-Men the Happiness, of seeing and Reading what the Learned do Abroad? Especially upon so Solemn an Occasion, as the Death of a Great Prince, Our Country-Man, and Father to our present Royal Sovereign. Shall France Mourn the Death of a Royal English STUART, and we stand by unconcern'd, and not so much as say, A Prince and a Great Man is fall'n this Day in Israel? Shall Multitudes of Weeping French-Men flock about his Grave to hear his Obsequies perform'd, and scarce a Tear be seen for Him in England? Shall Lewis the 14th Weep for one, who Living was a Charge to him? And shall Britannia not Lament his Departure, who, when he was in Prosperity was Her Glory, and in the Hour of his Death Interceded with Heaven for Her?

What our Translator has done is only out of Profound Respect to the Memory of the Poor Deceas'd King, that England might have something to shew
for

for him, as well as France, tho' borrow'd from a French Original. Our Translator did not undertake this Work out of any Affection to the Romish Principles contain'd in it (which he utterly renounces) but to Oblige our Nation with a Brief Relation of the Miseries, that Unfortunate Prince was forc'd to undergo, to depaint to us the greatest Example of Patience and Humility which England ever bred, except his Royal Father; and, in short, to give us one of the most Accurate and Succinct Accounts of his Life, which ever yet appear'd.

Several People, I know, are Angry both with the Translator and the Translation. Some blame 'em for those Veins of Popery which run through the whole; which, as they say, ought not to be Expos'd to Publick View. To which I answer. It could not be imagined but this Oration should be Interlarded with Popish Notions, the Author himself being one of the Bulwarks of the Roman Catholick Religion, and therefore Excusable for that; and, I think, the Translator is full as much Excusable, not to say more for his Translation.

The Papistical Notions in the Original are indeed a Fault with respect to us. But that Fault in the Original is none in the Translation. The Bigottry of the Author is no Argument for the Bigottry of the Translator. 'Tis the Business of a Translator to do his Author Justice; to keep close to his Sense, to Translate,

not:

The Preface.

not to Alter. Which I am Confident our Translator has done. Now if any Learned, Religious, sincere Christian should undertake to Translate any Piece of Arius or Socinus, Shall we immediately conclude him an Arian or Socinian, for his Translation? God forbid. Yet I am confident many Persons are so Censorious, (but especially those who Decry Monarchy) as to Reckon our Translator among the Members of the Church of Rome, for this Token of his Affection to the Memory of the Poor King.

The Popish Notions here advanced by the Abbot, are such as have frequently appear'd in Print, and been exploded by all Protestants long since, so that we need not fear any ill Consequences the Reprinting of 'em can produce. Every one who knows any thing, knows the Papists, without Reading this Oration, and to those who know nothing, I do not Recommend the Reading of it.

The Encomium our Orator gives the French King, is no more than any Man would reasonably expect from a Frenchman, who owes his Preferment to his King, and who continually Basks in the Beams of His Royal Bounty. But that we do not pretend to vindicate: it may possibly be more than the French King deserves. Whether His late Majesty deserv'd the whole Eulogy here given Him, I shall not pretend to Determine: But let that be as it will, I am for De Mortuis nil nisi Bonum.

After

The Preface.

After all, there are yet two Objections made against this Oration, the one in Point of History, the other with Relation to the Word SIRS, in the Translation, which, say some Men, is not a proper Word in a Sermon.

The Expression objected against in Point of History, is pag. the 8. In his Tender Yough [meaning King James] was seen the First Fire of His Courage, Sparkling at the Battle of Edge-Hill, where He Fought Valiantly by the Side of the King His Father. Now the Question is, Whether he was present at Edge-Hill Fight or no? As I do not find any History which says He was there, so do I not find any which says He was not. But all Histories allow, That His Royal Father was forc'd from His Crown, and had no fix'd Place of Abode, and if none for Himself, much less for His Children; so that it is to be suppos'd He carried His Children with Him, those especially which were most in Danger of Violence from the Rebels, viz. the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York. However, the Translation is literally True.

The Objection made against the Word SIRS seems to me to be groundless; for no Language is fitter for a Sermon than the Language of the Scripture. Now the Word SIRS is several times met with in Scripture. But to give one Instance for all. Acts the 16. 30. When the Keeper had brought Paul and Silas out

The Preface.

out of the Prison, he said, SIRS what shall I do to be Saved ?

As for the English, I am confident 'tis Tolerable, and may with Safety appear before a Jury of Criticks, but perhaps the worse in the Opinion of the Papists, because Translated by a Protestant.

A

A
 FUNERAL ORATION
 UPON THE
 DEATH
 OF
 KING JAMES the Second, &c.

*Thou hast taken me by the Right Hand, and thou
 hast led me according to thy Will, and thou hast
 receiv'd me into thy Arms with Glory. Psal. 72.
 [In the English. Psal. 73. v. 24, 25.]*


MY LORD,



THUS did Holy King DAVID meditate
 upon the different Events of *Fortune*,
 sometimes Happy and Victorious,
 sometimes Unhappy and Oppress'd;
 who as Conquerour of the *Philistines*,
 and Persecuted by his *Own Son*, had
 pass'd through both the Extremities of
 Humane Life. And *Thus* also reflecting upon the Special
Protection, that he had often Experienc'd in his Mis-

B

fortunes,


 Cardinal
 de Noailles
 officiating.
 PART I.

A Funeral Oration upon the Death

fortunes, he blest GOD, the Protector of Innocence, for having Supported his *Weakness*, guided his *Steps*, and rais'd him to *Glory*. *Thou hast taken me by the Right Hand, and thou hast led me according to thy Will, and thou hast received me into thy Arms with Glory.*

Upon this Juncture, *SIRS*, Ye anticipate the Application I would make of *these Words*. A new *DAVID* has appear'd in *Our Days*. The Order of Divine Providence hath again brought down that *Chain* of Prosperities and Disgraces upon *Him*, of which the *Life* of the Holy King of *Israel* was variously linked. Ye have seen his *Fidelity*, his *Mildness*, his *Constancy*; the same *Misfortunes*, and the same *Virtues*, All reviv'd in the *KING OF ENGLAND*: And for the Honour of *Religion*, I could wish an *Encomium* worthy of him.

Far be from *Me* all Suspicion of *Flattery*, all Umbrage of *Aggravation*. Simple *Truth* here is far above All the *Art* of Eloquence. In vain should I go about to *Sollicite* your *Attention*; for it will be sufficiently excited by the Greatness of those *Events*, by the Majesty of those *Persons*, by the Sublimity of those *Virtues*, which will be the Subject Matter and Principal Ornament of this *Discourse*.

I come now to set before your Eyes a *Hero* truly Christian, whom the Natural Situation of his *Heart*, and much more his lively *Faith*, have render'd far Superior to the strangest *Revolutions*. *Fortune* was always fickle upon *Extremes* with him. He experienced both her *Smiles* and her *Frowns* without Measure, either crowded with her *Kindnesses* and *Caresses* on the *One Hand*; or over-burden'd with her *Assaults* and *Oppressions* on the *Other*. When I reflect upon his *Former Tears*, I am as it were dazzl'd with the *Lustre* of his
Glory;

Glory ; and when I look upon his *Latter Days*, my Heart rises, my Spirit is troubled within me, and afraid to enter upon the *Relation* of his *Afflictions*, which have Involv'd all *EUROPE*.

FRANCE, that was a *Witness* of his *Disgraces*, had been formerly the *Theatre* of his first *Exploits*; and *FRANCE* admir'd his Undaunted *Courage*, which was the Astonishment both of the *CONDE's* and *Turennes*. *England* that forc'd him to leave his *Throne*, had it self brought him to it, all Cover'd with *Laurels*. *England* Triumph'd twice at *Sea* by his *Valour*; *England* look'd upon her Self as the *Umpire* of the *Fates* of *Europe* by his *Wisdom*; *England* acknowledg'd her Self oblig'd to Him for her profound *Peace* and *Tranquility*. Happy *England*, if she had known how to make *Advantage* of it, instead of turning the Benefit of so many *Victories* against the *Welfare* of the *Conquerours*. But let us forget, if possible, her *Ingratitude*, and leave to Her the Trouble of revenging it upon Her self.

Prepare your selves therefore, *Sirs*, to Behold in the *Picture* I am going to present to you, such strange *Events* of Things as are almost *Incredible*. The *Uncertainty* and *Insignificancy* of *Humane Affairs* appeared throughout his whole *Life*. He that ought to support the *Throne*, is the *Person* that pulls it down. *Europe* Sacrifices her *Peace* for the Promotion of *One Single Man*, to Gratify his *Ambition*. *Sovereign Princes* forget their *Own Interests* to favour the *Usurpation*. *Faith* in *Confederacy* against *Faith* makes it Easy for *Error* to destroy what remains of the *Primitive Religion* in *Three Kingdoms*. A *Foreign Power* establishes it self, without any *Opposition*, upon the *Ruines* of the *Lawful Government*. A *People* deluded with the alluring
Charms

Charms of *Liberty*, voluntarily Embrace a far Heavier *Bondage* than what they throw-off, for *Slavery*. A *King* raised up by *GOD* to be the *Sanctuary* and *Protection* of Innocence, singly defends the Sacred Rights of *Royalty* and *Religion*, equally Oppress'd, against all *Opposers*.

However, Among so many *Prodigies*, my Eyes seem yet to discover somewhat more Uncommon and Extraordinary. An unfortunate *King*, but *Faithful*, in whom *Religion* conquers *Fortune*; who looks upon her various *Freaks* and *Inconstancies* with an undisturb'd Eye, and a Christian Indifferency; who from thence draws the Motives and the Measures of his *Repentance*; *Humble* enough to suffer all *Things*; *Generous* enough to forgive all *Men*; *Dis-interested* enough to *Sacrifice* All for *GOD*'s Service. Methinks I see him sav'd from *Shipwrack*; who considering the Dangerous *Rocks*, upon which *GOD* hath Preserv'd him from *Splitting*, and the *Harbour* whither he has *safety* brought him, cries out with Holy *KING DAVID*, the *Example* of his own Miseries, and *GOD*'s Mercies to him: *Thou hast taken me by the Right-Hand, and thou hast led me according to thy Will, and thou hast received me into thy Arms with Glory.*

Let us *Christians* apply our Minds to those Glorious *Prospects* which *Faith* shews us; and that we may make good Use of this Memorable *Example* which *GOD* exposes to the *Christian World* to awaken it from its *Drowsiness* and *Lethargy*, let us *Contemplate* in this wonderful vicissitude of Temporal *Enjoyments*; of *Adversities*, of *Prosperities*, of *Disgraces*; That *GOD* which guides the *Just*; *GOD* that purifies the *Just*; *GOD* that crowns the *JUST*; who leads him to *Truth*; who cleanses him

him in *Tribulation*; who accomplishes him through *Perseverance*. The Improvements of his *Faith*. The Tryals of his *Patience*. The Wonders of his *Death*.

This is All, *Sirs*, that will be set forth in this *Funeral EULOGY*, which I Dedicate to the Immortal Memory of the *Most High, Most Mighty, Most Excellent, and Most Religious PRINCE JAMES the Second, King of GREAT BRITAIN*.

Providence that Orders all Things by *Weight, Number, and Measure*, according to the Expression of the *Wise Man*, would have the very *Birth* of the *Duke of York*, afterwards *King of Great Britain*, partake a little of both the *Extremities*, which were to divide his Life. By *Divine Appointment*, He was Born among *Crowns and Sceptres*, and the Blood of *France, of Scotland, and of England*; That is to say, whatsoever was most Noble and Pure under the Sun, was reunited in his *Person*: But then to Counterballance those *Advantages*, He was Born of a *Father* and a *Mother* by the same *Providence*, who were to Transfer to Him the *Succession of their Misfortunes*, as it were, by the Right of *Inheritance*.

CROMWELL, that vast and profound *Genius*, who was so perfectly Qualify'd with the Art of *Cajoling* and drawing Peoples Hearts and Minds entirely after him; That Man of *Modesty* and *Ambition* at the same time; Capable of Counterfeiting all *Virtues*, Audacious enough to Commit all *Crimes* that were convenient for his Purpose to promote his Designs; *Cromwell*, I say, some time after this, began to lay the Foundations of *Independency* in *England*, and effectually to undermine those of *Royalty* and *True Religion*.

6 *A Funeral Oration upon the Death*

The *Universe* has Rung of his fatal *Successes*. This *Rebel* had the Fortune to prevail against his *Sovereign*, and God that resolv'd to Punish the Kings of *England* for daring to raise their *Subjects* in Rebellion against the *Authority* of the *Church*, made use of a *Subject* to destroy the *Authority* of *Kings*.

CHARLES the First was the *Sacrifice*. The *Family* of that Great Prince being *Banish'd* and *Fugitive*, wander'd along time about his Kingdoms; and after that, was dispers'd into several *Courts of Europe*. The *Prince of Wales*, the *Duke of York*, the *Duke of Gloucester*, His *Children*, after having Travell'd through all the Difficulties of *Apprehension* and *Trouble*, one while *Taken*, another while *Sav'd*; changing their *Fortune* and *Figure* every Moment, and in all *Places* carrying along with them the Unfortunate Remains of their *Grandeur*, they came at last to seek for *Sanctuary*, under the Shelter of the *French Throne*.

That was a *Proof* of the *Illustrious Protection* and *Entertainment*, which the *Duke of York* being *Crown'd King*, was afterwards to find *There*. But the *Time* is not yet accomplish'd. Let *LEWIS* grow up first, that Young *Hero* given by *God*, for the Happiness of *Kings*, as well as for the Welfare of the *Common People*. Let him strengthen by insensible Degrees that growing *Power*, which must one Day move the Terror, the Admiration, or the Jealousy of all others; and then you shall see the Glorious *Use* which *Lewis* knew to make on't; to Thunder against *Vice* and *Errour*, to Protect *Faith* and *Innocence*, to make *Religion* and the *Laws* Flourish, and to become that *Oracle of Wisdom* at last, whose *Decisions*, *Kings* themselves seek after with Eagerness, and receive with Veneration, upon Affairs of *Controversy*. But

But let us return to the Duke of *Tork*, and not still Sully the *Glory* of the most Flourishing *Reign* that ever was, with the sad *Relation* of his *Misfortunes*.

There is *He* then withdrawn by a Complication of *Miracles* from the Fury of the *Seditious*. There is *He* happily Arriv'd in *France*. It is *Thou*, *Lord*, it is *Thou* that led him *thither* by the Hand, according to the *Text* ; *Thou hast held me by the Right Hand*. *Thou*, *Lord*, wouldst have him learn *there*, by the *Example* of a Disconsolate *Mother*, but *Couragious* and *Christian* ; to despise *Thrones* that might be *Usurp'd*, and to put his whole *Trust* and *Confidence* in *Thee* alone.

Thus grew the *Wisdom* and *Constancy* of the Duke of *Tork*, cultivated and improv'd by those *Royal Hands*. Whether out of *Esteem*, *Foresight*, or *Sympathy*, the *Queen his Mother* made it her *Business* before all things, to Inspire him with her *Virtues* ; and *He* having good *Natural Parts*, and a docible *Genius*, receiv'd the *Impressions* of them with *Success* and *Applause*.

But among all the *Excellent Qualities* which had already drawn upon him the *Publick Admiration* of *Courts* and *Kingdoms*, he wanted yet the most *Precious* of all *Valuable Gifts* ; That is, the *FAITH*, *Sirs*, and All, with the *Faith*. For what is *He* without it, but a Man deliver'd up to *Error*, rashly adoring the vain Productions of his own extravagant *Fancy* without *Reflection* ? The Duke of *Tork* by his *Birth* was engag'd in the *Perswasion* of his *Ancestors*, and that was his greatest *Unhappiness* ; which above all other Things most afflicted his *Pious Mother*. She was more desirous to see her *Children* come into the Bosom of the *Church of Jesus Christ*, than to see them Mount their *Father's Throne* ; and on this Hand she ply'd all her

her *Vows*, her *Cares*, and her *Hopes* to accomplish her *Zeal*. But the Hour was not yet come; and God that had destin'd the Duke of *York* to be the Ornament and Prodigy of the *True Faith*, suffer'd him a long time to be subject to *Error*, that he might make him the better understand the dangerous *Illusions* of it, and relish the known *Truth* with a better *Gust*.

The *Spur* of *Glory* had already prick'd him, and put him upon Great *Actions*. In his tender *Youth* was seen the first Fire of his *Courage*, sparkling at the *Battel* of *Edge-Hill*, where he Fought Valiantly by the side of the King his *Father*. But *Age* encreasing his *Strength* and his *Force*, encreas'd also his *Heat* and his *Valour*; and in short, the *Love of Arms* became his chief Predominant *Passion*. Being Born to *Command*, he has a mind to learn first how to *Obey*. He chooses the *Great Turenne* for his Master. Under that Brave *General*, the young *Hero* makes his way to *Glory* through Fire and Sword, and the most Terrible of *Dangers*. Thousands, and Ten Thousands fall on both sides of him, at *Estampes*, at *Villeneuve*, at *St. Antony*, at *Arras*; and *Death* seem'd to Distinguish and Respect him for his undaunted *Courage*, *Resolution*, and *Intrepidity*.

As long as *Death* spares him, *Fortune* still redoubles her *Blows*. A new *Tempest* or *Commotion*, rais'd by some *Politick Speculations*, makes him a *Fugitive* again, and drives him into *Flanders*, which opens her Arms to receive him with *Generosity*.

It is there, that he comes acquainted with the Great *Condé*, that *Hero* of *Eternal Memory*, whose *Name* is become, as it were, the very *Symbol*, or *distinguishing Badge of Valour*. It is there that he *Glories* in
Marching

Marching after Him to the famous Battle of *Dunes*; and there admiring this *Mortal* near at hand, who appear'd to be more than *Man* in the *Action*, he became the *Object* of a *Mutual Admiration*.

In the midst of those Military Affairs and Warlike Transactions, *God!* Sirs, (who would believe it ?) *God* caused some *Rays* of his Truth to shine upon the Duke of *York*; so that darting through his *Misfortunes*, he had a *Glimpse* of his Wanderings and his Errours. *Lectures, Conferences, Reflexions*, all discover to him in the *Protestant Religion* the Footsteps of *Novelty*, and Irreligious *Intemperance*, which hath transported Men into infinite *Innovations*. The fatal *Vail* that blinds him, will fall off from his Eyes in a little time; but he must yet follow that *Invisible Hind* which lets him wander in the Ways of *Vanity* and *Falshood*; till *God*, that Guides the *Son* of his own Calling, is pleas'd to bring him to perfect *Light* and *Understanding*.

'Tis not in *Catholick Countries*, nor among the truly *Faithful*, that *God* is willing to Triumph over the Duke of *York*; 'Tis in *England*, in the Centre of *Darkness*, in the most impregnable *Fort* of *Heresy*. It is *There*, it is *there* that *God* has a mind to strengthen him by a long *Patience*, and confirm him against all the *Contentions* and *Conflicts*, which he is to sustain for the *True Faith*.

A sudden *Revolution* calls back King *Charles* the Second to his own Kingdoms; and *God*, to show the World that he holds the *Reins* of all *Governments* in his own Hand, raises up the *Throne* of *England* by the same *Miraculous Power*, which had cast it down even to *Destruction*.

The Duke of *York* sticking close to the *Destinies* of the *King* his Brother; after the *Horrors* of the *Storm* are blown over, he begins to taste the *Pleasures* of the *Calm*. The Principal *Trusts* of the *Government* are Committed to his

D

Charge.

Charge. He is made *Lord High Admiral* of the Seas, *Lord* of the *Cinque Ports*, *Generalissimo* of the *Land Forces*; all Things have good *Success* in his Hands. Nothing but *Prosperities* upon *Prosperities*, *Victories* upon *Victories*. He is look'd upon as the *Buckler of the State*; as the *Glory*, the *Lamp*, or the *Flambeau* of the *Nation*; and he *Restores* to *England* those *Happy* and *Triumphant Days*, in which She enjoy'd a profound *Peace* at *Home*, and carry'd the *Terrour* of her *Victorious Arms* far *Abroad*.

What do you expect, *Sirs*, from those *Successes*? Who would not believe now, that the *Duke of York* infatuated with his Good *Fortune*, is ready to *Sacrifice* his *Religion* to't? But quite contrary, it is to *Religion* that he goes about to *Sacrifice* his *Fortune*. Far from suffering himself to be dazzled with that vain *Pomp* and *Lustre*, he enquires into his *Soul*, and laments his own *Blindness*. Humble and *Tractable* amidst *Acclamations* and *Triumphs*, he lifts up the *Voice* of his *Heart* to *God*; he says as *Holy King David* did; *O Lord, enlighten my darkness.* *Psal.* 17.

God hears him, *Sirs*. The *Prejudices* fall off, the *Doubts* clear-up, the *Great Day of Truth* appears: And having thus subdued Himself to the bottom of his *Heart*, he has now the holy *Ambition* to subdue others to the same *Faith*; he meditates upon the *Conversion* of the *King* his *Brother*, and the *Dutchess* his *Spouse*. What *Conquests* for *Religion*? But what *Obstacles* to surmount? The *Scruples* of *Prevention*, the *Delicacies* of *Haughtiness*, the *Terrours* of *Policy*, the *Tyes* of *Custom*, the *Tyranny* of *Humane Respect*. Nothing is *Invincible* to the *Duke of York*; for happily making use of the *Powerful Influence*, which *Esteem*, *Friendship*, and *Confidence* give him, he insinuates himself by *Mildness*, he persuades by *Reason*, he draws by *Example*.

O Heaven, O Earth, Rejoyce! The Dutcheſs of York is already Conquer'd and Converted; and I ſee her as Zealous now for the *Truth*, as ſhe had been Paſſionate for *Falſhood*. From whence can ariſe ſo marvelous a *Change*? Hear, ye *Faithful*, and Admire. Her *Auguſt Spouſe* lays an innocent Snare for her *Curioſity*, and lets fall, on purpoſe, before her Eyes, the *Hiſtory of the Reformation of the Church of England*. The *Princeſs* greedily ſeizes the Bait; but her quick and piercing Wit preſently diſcovers the Myſtery of Iniquity. In ſpight of Diſguiſe and Impoſture, the *Reformation* ſo much boaſted of, appears to her what it is; That is to ſay, A *Work of Human Paſſions*. She ſees the Birth of it owing to *Libertiniſm*, the Progreſs of it to *Pride*, the Conſummation of it to *Rebellion*, and in fine, ſhe deteſts thoſe pernicious *Exorbitances*.

Great King, whole tractable Heart now begins to open to the Charms of *Truth*, why do you put off paying your *Homage* to her publicly? Your *Delays* will only ſerve to make the Couragious Zeal of the Duke of York yet more Illuſtrious. He will always follow your *Fortune* even into the Arms of *Death*. More Careful of your *Safety* and *Salvation* than of his own *Life*; he will run the Riſque of all Dangers to make an Advantage of thoſe *Deciſive Moments*, and to deliver you from the *Power of Darkneſs*; and your *Dying* in the *Catholick Communion* will be an Eternal Monument of his *Piety*, and (as I may ſay) the *Maſter-Piece* of his *Courage*.

But, without anticipating the Time, let us follow the Duke of York in the Progreſs of his growing *Faith*. A cruel Subjection, My Brethren; The King, the Duke, the Dutcheſs, though never ſo much inwardly enlighten'd in their Minds, durſt not yet outwardly make maniſeſt the ſecret Impreſſions of Grace. To be a *Catholick*, was a Crime.

Crime. At length the *Critical Minute* comes, when the *Duke*, being in some Indignation at those shameful Managements, and not able to keep *Truth* any longer *Captive* in his Heart; resolves to break openly with *Error*. The *King*, to whom he communicates his Design, trembles at the prospect of *New Troubles*, which he goes about to bring, perhaps, both upon his *Person* and his *Throne*. For, in short, what Surprise and Consternation must *England* be in, so jealous of his pretended *Reformation*, to see the *Brother* of the *King* Declaring himself against the Governing *Party*, and set up *Altar* against *Altar*? *DISSEMBLE*, says the *King* to him; Will you expose your *Religion*, and hazard my *Authority*? What good will the sudden Noise on't do, like a Clap of Thunder, but Irritate *Peoples Minds*, Provoke their *Passions*, and Kindle such a *Fire* as we cannot Extinguish?

The *Duke* submits for some time, to the Advice of his *Sovereign*, and gives up *All* he can, without engaging his *Faith*, to *Prudence*. In the mean while however, he is suspected to be a *Catholick*; the *Suspicious* presently encrease, and turn into *Murmurings*; the *Murmurings* into *Complaints*; the *Complaints* into clear *Convictions*, and the *Convictions* into open *Hatred*.

Heaven, What do I see! The *Commons* incens'd, all the *Orders* of the Kingdom outrageously let loose to Exclude the *Lawful Successor* from the *Crown*. What *New Conspiracy* is this here, that influences the Hearts and Minds of Men? 'Tis the *Faith*, 'tis the *Faith* they Attack in the Person of the *Duke of York*. While a *Protestant*, he was the Love and Admiration of *People*; but now a *Catholick*, he is the *Object* of their *Aversion* and *Horror*.

But

But fear Nothing, Sirs; the Hand of God supports the *Just*; and it is *here*, that the *Protection* of Heaven appears singularly Glorious; *Thou hast held me by the right Hand*: for neither the *Respect* due to a *Sovereign*, nor the *Prospects* of *Interest* and *Fortune*, nor the *Universal Outrage*, can bow-down the *Inflexible* Courage of the *Duke of York*. To regard nothing in Point of *Religion*, is his Character; and nothing shall oblige him either to give Ground and renounce his *Principles*, or but so much as to *Dissemble* them. Must he quit his *Employments*? He quits them. Remove from *Court*? He removes. Abandon the *Noblest Expectations* of the Age? He is ready to abandon them. O *Faith*, O *Faith*! With what *Greatness* of Soul dost thou Inspire *Those*, in whom thou *Governs* with an Absolute *Sway*.

In the mean time, the *Duke of York*, by the Force of his *Constancy* and *Success*, brings *Persons* over to him, and Reconciles their Affections. His *Religion* is tolerated in Favour of his Great *Services*: and *He*, making use of those Advantages for the Interest of *Religion*, employs the utmost *Effort* of his Credit and Honour to make the *Yoke* Easy, which had so long gall'd and oppress'd the *Catholicks* in *England*. *Truth* almost reduc'd to *Darkness* and *Silence*, dare now bring forth her *Mysteries* into open *Light*; lift-up her *Voice* in the *Streets*, and gain-say *Error*: and the *Duke of York's Chappel*, being set Open for the *Devotion* of the truly *Faithful*, look'd like another Sacred *ARK* floating with Safety and Security in a *Deluge* of *Errors*.

To tye those *Knots* faster yet, which kept him Firm to the *Catholick Faith*, after the Death of his *First Wife*, God chooses him a *Second*, Worthy of him; who joyning *Birth* to *Courage*; *Graces* to *Majesty*; *Gentleness* to *Force*,

E

with

14 *A Funeral Oration upon the Death*

with a transcendant *Wit*, was capable of Encreasing in some measure her *Sponse's Stedfastness* and *Constancy*, and of raising his *Thoughts* and *Affections* above every thing that is not GOD.

A Happy and August *Marriage*, which prov'd a *Fountain* of Blessings and Graces to them *Both*; Especial-ly if we Consider their *Latter Days*: For, in an Inti-mate *Correspondence* of their Minds and Thoughts, in a Perfect *Conformity* of their Inclinations and Manners, we may behold the *Ardour* of the *One* still Encreasing as it is reflected and redoubled by the *Ardour* of the *Other*; *Both* Zealous for the *Truth*; *Both* mutually making use of the same Motive and Example; *Both* labouring, in a Pious *Emulation* of one another, for their Own *Sanctification* and the *Salvation* of their *Subjects*.

The *Duke of York* being now *King*; (for I hasten to show him upon the *Throne*: and the Importance of the *Events* which remain yet to be described, oblige me to heap up all *Matters of Fact* as fast as I can together, in order to conclude my *Relation*.) The *Duke of York* being *King*, believ'd, *Sirs*, that GOD would not bless his *Reign* any further than he should establish the *Reign* of GOD. He look'd upon his *Misfortune* of having been engag'd in *Heresie*, as a Personal Obligation upon him to draw his *People* from it; and applying *these Words* to *Himself*, which *Jesus Christ* spake in former days to the *visible Head* of his *Church*, and when thou art *Converted*, strengthen thy *Brethren*. Luk. 22. he made it a *Duty* and a *Point of Religion*, to attempt the *Re-establishment* of the *Catholick Faith* in his *Kingdoms*.

No *Conjuncture* ever seem'd more *Happy*. The *People* saw him Mount the *Throne* with Acclamation; and in a manner forgetting that he was a *Catholick*, they look'd upon

upon his *Elevation* as a Publick *Blessing*, and made a fort of a *Triumph* on't. Upon those favourable *Presages*, the *New King* puts every thing in Practice for reconciling the *Minds* of Men and Winning their *Hearts*; and taking those Measures that he judg'd Necessary for Moderating and Counterpoising *different Opinions*, he renew'd the Famous *Declaration for Liberty of Conscience*, which had been publish'd before in the *Reign* of the *King* his Brother.

The *Work of God* advanc'd every day; and the *Catholick Religion*, without taking away any thing from the *Protestant*, came again by little and little to enjoy its *Rights* and *Privileges*. The *Faction* of the *Earl of Argyle* strangled in its Birth; the *Duke of Monmouth* fallen under the Sword of Justice, kept the *Factions* in *Awe*, and made them sensible that Nothing could be attempted against the *Royal Authority*, without *Condign Punishment*.

We clapt our Hands for Joy upon those *Successes*. Being accustomed to the Miraculous *Reign* of LEWIS THE GREAT, whose Powerful Arm at one Blow destroy'd *Heresy* in this Kingdom; We anticipated now by *Hope*, the Happy Time to come, which *Heaven* seem'd to promise *England*. Alas! alas! We did not perceive a hidden *Fire*, which was suddenly to break out like *Lightning*, and put all *Europe* in a Blaze. Under this deceitful *Calm* was form'd a Horrid *Domestick Storm*, ready to destroy all such *Holy Projects*, and overwhelm the *Government*.

Immortal GOD! Must I be forc'd here to Justifie to the *Christian World* the Pious *Excesses* of a *King*, who is accused of having ventur'd too much for the *Advancement* of the *Catholick Faith*. A Glorious *Reproach*.

proach. Yes, I aver it, *Sirs*, and I cannot Proclaim it Loud enough in the *Pulpit* of Truth. The *King of England* hath lov'd his *Religion* to *Excess*, to the Degree of passing for a *Rash, Inconsiderate Man*, according to the *Falle Notion*, and *Wisdom* of the *Age*. This shall be, if they please, his *Illustrious Fault*, for having Discountenanc'd *Humane Respect*; for having suppress'd all *Secular Interest*; for having little regard'd the *World*, out of a Desire of Honouring his *GOD*. Whatsoever may be his Pretended *Crime* in the Eyes of *Men*, it is certainly in the Eye of *GOD* his *Virtue*.

But after all, that this blind and unjust World, that judges of *Designs* only by *Success*, that esteems *Virtue* no longer than it is *Fortunate*; may know, and Reverence the Solid *Reasons* which induc'd this Great *King* to venture upon a Religious Undertaking, and run the hazard of his *Crown* for it: 'Twas *GOD* that Inspir'd him with that Holy Boldness, and Christian Courage. *GOD* alone, *My Brethren*, and all but *GOD* fought against it. He has only endeavour'd to do, what *Josias*, *Constantine*, *Theodosius*, and many other *Princes* had done before him; in whom the Love of *Religion* prevail'd above *Humane Interest*. If their *Enterprize* hath had good *Success*, and gain'd its Point, let the *Glo-ry* of it be ascrib'd to the *ALMIGHTY*; but we can say *This*, that it was neither the less *Difficult*, nor the less *Dangerous* for succeeding so well. *Josias* undertakes to Extirpate *Idolatry* in *Judah*, in spite of the Reigning Inclination of the *Jewish People*. *Constantine* bows down his *Lofty Head* under the *Yoke of the Gospel*, in spite of all the Contradiction of the *Universe*. *Theodosius* pulls down the *Altar of Victory*, in spite of all the Remonstrances and Opposition of the *Roman Senate*.

But

But if the Zeal even of those Great Princes should have turn'd against *Religion* and against *Themselves* too, Would it therefore have been less *Christian*? Would it have been less *Commendable*? What then? The *Crime* of *Henry* the 8th will be approv'd and applauded, because it was *Fortunate*; and the *Piety* of *James* the 2d. will be Censur'd and found Fault with, because it was *Unfortunate*.

Does it belong to blind *Mortals*, to direct the Proceedings of the *Divine Wisdom*, and can it not merit their *Approbation*, without pleasing their *Humours* and suiting their *Whimsies*? Do these pretended *Sages* know, against whom they *Murmur*? It is not against a *Mortal King*, but an *Eternal*; who from the Highest *Heavens*, Governs the *Fates* of *Religion*, as well as those of *Kingdoms* upon *Earth*. The *Project* was in the Will of *Man* Inspir'd by *God*; but the *Success* was in the Hand of *God*, that Inspir'd the *Man*. If thou hast not consented to him, O *Lord*, it belongs to *Thee* to justify thy *Conduct*; and where is the Fool-hardy Wretch that dares Contend here with *Thee*, or say unto *Thee*, Why hast *Thou* suffer'd him to do *This*?

What my *Religion* teaches me, and after it the Great *St. Augustin*, Epist. 185. c. 5. is *This*, *Sirs*; that *Kings* cannot Serve *God*, save only by putting in Execution that which cannot be Executed but by *Kings*. *This*; that *God* often Accomplishes his Designs by the same *Means* which seem to destroy them. *This*; that as he sometimes makes the most *Unjust Undertakings* prosper, to Punish the *People*; so he sometimes also suffers the most *Just Attempts* to miscarry, in order to Sanctify the *Kings*. Let us hold our Tongues, not Repine, but Humble our selves under the *Almighty Hand*; and according to the

Example of the *Holy King*, whose *Encomium* I pursue, Let us deliver our selves, without Murmuring and Reserve, wholly up to the wise Disposal of his *Holy Will*: *And thou hast led me according to thy Will.*

PART II. What is the *Will* of GOD? That every one *Sanctify* himself, says the *Apostle*. *1 Thess.* 4. This is the *End* to which all the Dispositions of *Providence* tend. But altho' GOD *wills* the *Sanctification* of all the *Faithful*, he does not yet lead them *All* to *Holiness* by the same Ways and Means. *Prosperities* to Some, and *Afflictions* to Others, are as Common Roads mark'd out, which lead Men to GOD: With this *Difference* however, that *Affliction* which *humbles* their *Hearts*, brings them far more safely *thither*, than *Prosperity* which *Puffs* People up with *Pride* and *Grandeur*.

What is it then that *Faith* does Discover to us, in those Surprising *Revolutions*, which have Dethron'd the *King of England*? GOD, who *will* save his *Elect*; and who moves Heaven and Earth, to secure their *Eternal Predestination*.

And therefore, *Sirs*, let us not Accuse here, either the *Temper of the Nation*, naturally Fierce, Free and Independent, that has lost its *Peace* and *Quiet* in a settled Tranquility, ever since it *Swerv'd* from the *first Point* of True Faith; Or the *fatal Dexterity* of a Prince, who knew how to make *Religion*, *Policy*, and the specious Name of *Liberty*, all serve his *Designs*? Let us ascend higher. 'Tis GOD that moves and manages the secret Springs of those Affairs, for the *Sanctification* of the *King of England*; whom he goes about to purify in the *Fire of Tribulation*, as *Gold* is purify'd in the *Furnace*.

Behold

Behold this Great *King* wandering in his own *Country*; a *Captive* in his own *Dominions*, deliver'd up to the violent Insults of a lawless *Mobb*, and the Unworthy Treatment of his own *Rebellious Subjects*! Behold him seeking to withdraw his *Person* by *Stealth*! And (what is still more *Dear* to him) a *Son*, the only Hopes of *Religion* and the *Throne*, seeking to Escape the Pursuits of an *Enemy*, so much the more Formidable, as he Arms himself with *Pretences* of *Publick Good*, tramples upon all *Duties*, and breaks through all the *Laws of Nature*!

O God! To what *Tryal* dost Thou put the *King of England*? To see his *Own Blood* rise-up against him! To see his *Persecutor* come out of the Bosom of his *Own Family*. He must have felt it, *My Brethren*; Who is able to Express it! This was the *Trouble* that most Sensibly afflicted *Holy King David*. For, *The Malediction of my Enemy, I could have born with Patience*. Psal. 54. or, 55. *The Blow, said he, would be less Rude and Grievous, if it came from a Hand that is less Dear*: But *You*, who ought to be but *One Heart* and *One Soul* with me, my *Familiar Friend*; *You*, in whom I have put my *Trust* and *Confidence*; *You*, in whom *Nature* united me by the strongest Bonds of *Affection* and *Tenderness*; That *You* have Sworn my *Ruine*: Ah! *This* is it, that heightens and enhances all my *Misfortunes* above Measure, and makes them *Intolerable*.

But *that* which seems unsupportable to *Nature*, becomes light and easy by the Succours of *Faith*. The *One* Revolts, the *Other* Submits; and in its *Submission*, finds its *Constancy* and its *Power*. *It is the Lord*, says the *Holy King*; dispose, O *Lord*, dispose, as it shall please *Thee*, of my *Crown* and my *Person*. I am a *King*, but Thou art my *Lord* and *Master*. Must I descend from the
Throne,

Throne, Speak; I am ready here, I descend. But if he thus say, I have no delight in thee: Behold, here am I, let him do to me as seemeth good unto him. 2 Sam. 15.

Yes, Prince, God will have you yield to *Violence*. A *Revolt* breaks forth on all sides into Noise and Insurrection. Every step the *Usurper* marches is a Victory without Fighting for't. All comply, All submit, All put themselves under his Laws; the *Contrivance* is so exact; and the *Defection* so General. Distrust such a People, whose ungovernable *Liberty* knows neither *Rules, Laws,* nor *Limits*: The Blood of *Charles the First* cries out for Vengeance still, and gives you Notice that *Royalty* is not a *Rampart* strong enough against blind Fury and Popular Madness. If they have not Respected the *Father*, who can Answer for it, that they will Reverence the *Son*. Fly, Fly before *ABSALOM*, that Artificial Prince, who by his private Cabals, and secret Practices, hath Inveigled and Deluded your most Faithful *Subjects*. *France* offers you a *Sanctuary*; as Safe and Secure, as it is Honourable. *LEWIS* never refus'd his Assistance or Relief to the Oppressed; and should he refuse it now to his *Own Blood*? And must he, to Obtain any other Title than that of being *Unfortunate* and *Miserable*?

O Memorable Day! Fortunate Day! I will say for *France*, (shall I say for *England*?) where Mercy and Truth, Justice and Peace met each other, and Saluted one another with the Closest Embraces of *Friendship*. What were the Transports of this *Reception*? What was the Nobleness and the Magnificence of it? What Glory for the *King*, the *Protector*? What Comfort for the *King*, the *Protected*? In spite of his *Calamities*, he feels the *Charm*; he Avows that the Sight of *Lewis the Great* had suspended the Impression of All his *Troubles*.

But

But soon after *this*, there is he plung'd again into the Gall of Bitterness. GOD, that had Chalk'd out the Way of his Sanctification by Crosses, multiply'd them upon him. He causes the Splendid Preparation and Equipage for his Re-Establishment to run a-ground before his Eyes. He renders him an Idle Spectator of the Triumph of his Enemies. They endeavour to Pass the Sea; and the Angry unkind Sea refuses them Passage. The Winds break loose, the Fleet is dispers'd, the Secret Betray'd; Every thing fails, every thing is frustrated of its Design. GOD that presides over the Council of Kings, takes away sometimes the Thought, sometimes the Means of Preserving Ireland; a Kingdom, which by the Example of its constant Fidelity, was enough to Reclaim both the Other: So that by Disappointments upon Disappointments, and so many Obstacles one upon another, Humane Prudence and Force is confounded, and all turns into Disgrace to the Unfortunate King.

But nothing can bespatter either his Firmness of Faith, or his perfect Submission to the Decrees of Heaven. The more GOD afflicts him, the closer he clings and adheres to GOD. His Misfortunes are, as it were, the Bonds of his Love. According as he sees Terrestrial Supports sink under him, he transports his Desires from Earth to Heaven.

There's no more talk now of his Restoration. The Sacrifice is prepar'd, and dis-engag'd with the World: Even fearing, if I may be so bold as to say it, fearing lest GOD should renew the Thread of his former Prosperities. If he desires any Happy Return, it is for the sake of Religion, for the sake of his Kingdoms, for the sake of his Family. Being content to outlive his Grandeurs that he might despise them, he thanks GOD for

having laid his *Fatherly Hand* heavy upon him, and for having humbled him to make him the more Tractable to *Sacred Truths*. This is the Language of holy *King David*: *It is good for me, that thou hast humbled me, that I may learn thy saving Truths*. Psal. 118. or, 119. It is a Good; it is an Advantage to me. *Kings* would not humble themselves, said he, if God did not take care to humble them. Every thing Conspires both *without* and *within* themselves, to puff them up with Pride and Vanity. Perhaps, *Alas!* perhaps, *Prosperity* would have *Blinded* me, would have *Harden'd* me, would have made me forget God, My Self, and my Duties.

The holy *King* being throughly struck with this lively Thought, bore all the Burdens and Oppressions of *Adversity*, not only with *Resignation*; not only with *Patience*, but with *Joy*. His *Heart* being crowded with Afflictions, it contracted and shut up it self to the *Creatures*; but open'd and dilated it self to the *Creator*; and the *Creator*, who is never more *Merciful*, than when he appears most *Severe*, chang'd the *Bitterness* of his *Correction* into *Sweetness*, and made him find *Consolation* in his Calamities. *Thy Rod and thy Staff have been a Comfort to me*. Psal. 22. or, 23.

From thence came that wonderful Calm and Serenity, which glitter'd again upon his *Royal Fore-Head*, and always Reflected upon those that had the Honour to approach his Sacred Person. They perceiv'd him to be touched with his *Misfortunes*; and at the same time Comforted by his Peaceable Courage and true *Fortitude*. They saw a Greatness of *Soul*, that ow'd nothing to *Fortune*; and in the Simplicity of a *Christian*, appear'd all the *Majesty* and *Magnanimity* of a *King*. *Prosperity* had not at all puffed him up; and *Adversity* could not cast him down.

He

He knew how to Govern upon the Ruines of *Royalty* it self, and to preserve *Dignity* in *Ill Fortune*, as well as he had known how to keep *Moderation* in *Success* and *Prosperity*: as Noble, as Admirable, being reduc'd to *Himself*, under the Loss of an overthrown Authority and a subverted Government; as he was in the midst of a *Pompous Court*, and in the Exercise of a most *Absolute Power*.

If any thing was capable of disturbing his *Peace*, it was not his own *Misfortunes*, but the *Afflictions* of those that suffer'd for him. For, of all the *Darts* which *Fortune* let fly at him, that wounded him the *deepest*; and his *Constancy* would have been stagger'd with it, if any thing could have shock'd his *Integrity*. O the Grief! He saw those Wandering and desolate *Families*, that had abandon'd *All* to follow Him, Languishing under his Eyes; and what *Families*! Of what *Nobility*! Of what *Illustrious Quality*! He saw their *Fidelity*, Proof against all Treachery and Disloyalty, and could not reward them for't; being *Himself* reduc'd to unprofitable Sighs, Wishes and Lamentations; doubly oppress'd, both with his own *Acknowledgment*, and with their *Love*; doubly overburden'd, both with their *Misery*, and with his own *Inabilities*.

In the mean time, what Care! What Diligence! What Importunity! to procure them *Relief*. What Expedients did not his ingenious *Charity*, seconded by the *Queen's*, industriously find out to Succour and Comfort them? Their most Necessary and Indispensable *Expences* were retrench'd, and laid up to encrease the Common *Fund* of their Gracious *Liberalities*. They have been seen to strip Themselves Naked almost by little and little, in Favour of those *Victims* of the Faith; even of *All* that they had been able to save from
Ship.

Shipwrack, and to Sacrifice to *Charity* the *last Shifts* of their *Frugality* and *Providence*.

Such was his *Good Inclination* towards his faithful *Subjects*; but what was it towards his *Enemies*? Why here, *Sirs*, A Secret Check of *Conscience* puts me to a Stand; for I am afraid of lessening his *Virtue* by the *Weakness* of my *Expressions*, and there's little wanting to make me hold my *Tongue* and shrink into *Silence*. No *Resentment*, how just soever, for *Injuries* done him, shall never draw one Harsh, Malicious or Revengeful Word from his Mouth. *Nature* it self, though never so much Provok'd or Exasperated, shall not have the bare Satisfaction of alleviating her Trouble by *Complaints*. In *Private*, he will Bless his *Persecutor*; in *Publick*, he will stop the Mouth of *Animosity*. The World astonish'd at such a *Conduct*, so much Superior to its *Maxims*, will perhaps Asperse him with *Indolence* and *Simplicity*. The just upright Man is laugh'd to scorn. Job. c. 12. But the *Holy King* already rais'd above MAN by *Grace*, will raise himself higher yet by *Faith*, far above the reach of the Nonsensical Foolish *Discourse*, and *Impertinence* of the World.

In the *Persecutions* which are rais'd upon us, This causes our *Impatience*; that we are wholly taken up in reflecting upon the *Hand* that *Strikes*, without ever thinking of *Him* that *directs* the *Hand*. Unjust and *Passionate Man* gives the *Blow*; but he is the Instrument of a Wise and Just GOD: And this is it that becalm'd the incens'd Courage of *Holy King David*, when *Simei* oppress'd him with Outrages. The Lord hath said unto him, Curse DAVID. 2 Sam. 16. It is not *Simei*, it is GOD: Or if it be *Simei*, he acts by the Order and under the *Authority* of GOD. The Lord
hath

hath Commanded him. Upon this, he is Silent, he is Appeas'd, he is Humbled; and through the audacious *Hand* that is lift up against *The Lord's Anointed*, he Respects, he Adores the *Hand* of the *Lord Himself*.

This shall be then once more, if you please, the *Glorious Failing* of the *Holy King*; for having been *Patient* and *Moderate*, even to *Excess*; for having practis'd *Christian Charity* to a *Fault*; to the degree of *Excusing* their *Actions*, and forgiving their *Crimes*; to the degree also of *Praying* for them all the *Days* of his *Life*. *Woe* be to *You*, if you are not *Christians* enough, to perceive the *Tenderness* of his *Affection*; to admire all the *Magnanimity* of this *Conduct*.

Let no Man any longer extol to me those *Conquerours*, which prophane *Antiquity* hath boasted of with *Admiration*. The *King of England* hath excelled them All in *Glory*. *Valour* yields to *Valour*; *Force* overcomes *Force*: but can it subdue the *Heart of Man*? Which in its own *Liberty* possesses the *Principle of Victory*, and receives no other *Laws* but what it imposes upon it self. The *Faithful Prince* knows no *Victory* but *One*; That is, to *Conquer Himself*, and to sacrifice his *Resentments* and *Passions* to his *Faith*.

Let us say All, *My Brethren*, and not take away any thing from the *Glory* of our *Hero*. It is proposed to him by *Some* or *Other* to shorten the *Days* of the *Usurpation*, by shortening those of the *Usurper*. What *Horror* did not his Great Soul conceive against such barbarous Means as *Assassinating* and *Killing* in cold *Blood*; Practices unworthy of a *Christian*,

H

unworthy

unworthy of a *Man*? If he desir'd to *Conquer*, it was only to have the Pleasure of *Pardoning*: *Peaceable* from the Bottom of his Heart, towards *those very Persons* that did declare *War* against him; Knowing no other *Enemies*, than his *Vices* and his *Passions*; Resisting them in *Himself*, and Deploring them in *Others*; Hating the *Treachery*, without ever hating the *Traytor*; and demanding of *GOD*, instead of all *Revenge*, the *Pardon* of the *Crime*, and the *Conversion* of the *Criminal*.

Let us omit, *Christians*, let us omit all his other *Virtues*: Let us say nothing (I agree to't) of those frequent *Fastings*, of those rigorous *Austerities*, which his fervent *Zeal* for *Devotion*, knew well how to put in Practice; and which his *Humility* made him conceal from the *Eyes* of the *World*. It is easy for a *Man* to bear *External Crosses* in his *Flesh*, when he knows how to bear *Humiliation* in his Heart; the bitterest of all *Crosses*, and the *most Burdensome* to *Self-Love*.

To consider the *Distasters* of the *King of England* with a *Christian Eye*, nothing ought to be more *Glorious* in his Sight. His sufferings had *GOD* for their *Object*, and *Faith* for their *Original*. He was much in the right to say what *St. Paul* said in his Fetters; *For the hope of Israel I am bound with this Chain*. *Act. Apost. c. 28.* If I Suffer, it is for *GOD*. This long *Chain* of *Misfortunes*, that Fetters me and bears me down with *Oppression*, is only the Effect of my *Zeal* for my *Religion*. I am only *Banish'd* and dispossess'd of my *Throne*, for having gently pursu'd the endearing Hopes of *Re-establishing* the *Kingdom of Israel*. *Because that for the Hope of Israel, I am bound with this Chain. Ibid.* Thus

Thus was the *Holy King* to find in some sort his *Glory* in his *Humiliation*: But the *World* that sees him *Suffer*; Does it enquire yet upon what Account he *Suffers*? From what Cause soever the *Disgrace*, and *Ill-fortune* comes, It is always an Unworthy and Contemptible Object to his Eyes; but without Pity as well as Justice, People easily believe that every thing is want of *Courage* and *Faint-heartedness* in the *Unfortunate*.

'Tis but a little Matter for the *Holy King* to be *Humbled for GOD*; he has a mind yet to *Humble Himself* still more Agreeably, according to *G O D's* own *Will*. He knows that *Humiliation* has no *Merit*, but as *He* accepts of it and loves it: and therefore being *Little* in his Own Eyes, he is willing to appear so in the Eyes of the *World*. Shall I say it, *Sirs*, and not offend your *Curiosity* or *Delicacy*, in setting forth all the *Virtue* of the *Holy King*? He lov'd *Humiliation*, even to the *Desiring* of it; to the *Seeking* of it; to the having a *Mind* to be inform'd of those bloody inveterate *Libels*, which Malice and Madness spread abroad and publish'd in *Foreign Countries*; only to drink-up (said he) Our Lord's *Chalice* at large Draughts, and to glut themselves as well as load *Him* with Reproaches: And when he found those *Writings* mix the Cause of *Religion* with his *Personal Cause*, and that often in a confus'd Manner too, he exclaim'd against the *Injury* done to *Religion*; but in spite of the Fierceness of his Noble Courage, he suffer'd for *Religion-sake* the *Injury* done to his *Person*.

By these singular Touches and Illustrious Characters, do ye not know now the *King of England*? Do ye not say in your selves, *Yes*; This is the *Same* that he was, and the *Same* that we have seen him to be. Finish the Work, in drawing the *Picture* of his other Virtues to the Life. Draw it *Your selves*, in your own Minds, *My Brethren*; for your *Imagination* will *Paint* it better than All my *Words* can do it.

Represent that profound *Reverence*, that religious *Attention*, which he gave to holy *Mysteries*; as if the *INVISIBLE* had been present there and stood before his Eyes. That *Longing* and *Insatiable Thirst* after the Word of *GOD*; which was his *Chast* and *Chief Delight*. That constant *Application* of his Mind to *Reading* and to *Prayer*; which the *Tumult* and *Intricacy of Affairs* could never either interrupt, slacken or suspend.

Form in your Minds an *Idea* of that *Scrupulous Care* of Ordering his *House*, and Edifying his *Court*. That *Nicety of Conscience*, which alarm'd him upon the very *Shadow* of *Sin*. That *ardent and sincere Zeal*, that made him desire to be the *Bloody Sacrifice* for their *Salvation*; a *Zeal* again, that follow'd him till he fell under the *Cold Hands* of *Death*. His last *Sighs* were pious *Vows* for the *Conversion* of *England*. We heard his fainting Voice, almost *Extinct*, reviving and raising it self more than once, to imprint the *Truth* upon *Protestants* that were able to hear him. And though he be *Dead*, he *speaks* yet, and *speaks* with *Success* too; as *St. Paul* says and by it he being *Dead*, yet *speaketh*. *Heb. c. 11. Reflect* upon that holy *Curiosity*, which made him find out *Piety* even

even in Solitudes; and the frequent Journeys, which he took, to see *Angels in Mortal Bodies*, and to adore in *Secret Places* the Work of Grace.

And ye *Virgins of JESUS CHRIST*, the wise *Confidants* of his *Troubles*, the *unexceptionable Witnesses* of his *Virtue*; relate to us what ye have *Seen*, what ye have *Heard*, when the *holy King*, mov'd by *Grace*, and guided by an *Attractive Power*, came to renew the *Fervency* of his *Devotion* among You. What *Simplicity*! What *Mildness*! What *Modesty*! But at the same time what *Elevation of Thoughts*! What *Eagerness of Desires*! What *Purity of Sentiments*! With what *Transports* did he speak to You of that *Heavenly Kingdom*? Where *Power* is distributed without *Weakening* it self, and is communicated without raising *Envy*. The *Fire* in its own *Sphere*, is neither *Purer*, nor quicker, nor more ardent, than that *Heart*, truly *Christian*, was towards *GOD*; which is now committed to your Charge as a *Sacred DEPOSITUM*. There is it re-united to the *Heart* of the *Queen his Mother*. A *Religious Piety* hath joyn'd together again, what *Death* had separated. This will serve You, *My most Dear Sisters*, for a continual *Object* of Religion. You should come every day to revive your *Ardour* upon their *Asbes*, and seek for new *Force* and *Fire* in the Remembrance of their *Virtues*. The *Example* of their *Courage*, will support you in your *Troubles*. The *Idea* of their *Clemency*, will inspire you with *Meekness*; their *Submission*, with *Obedience*; their *Resignation*, with the *Love of Poverty*. Thus being always present in your *Minds*, always living in your *Hearts*, they will find among you a *Second Life*, and a kind of *Immortality*; so much the more

30 *A Funeral Oration upon the Death*

Glorious, because it will serve *You* also for a *Motive* and a *Spur* to the Sanctifying of *your own Souls*.

Let us conclude, *Christians*. It is time now to let you see the *JUST* exalted to *Glory*. Let us *Crown* the *Relation* of a *Life* so holy and so precious, with *that* of a *Death* yet more *Precious* and more *Holy* : *And thou hast received me into thy Arms with Glory*.

Part III. The *Glory* of a *Christian* does not consist at all in *Beginning* well ; but in *Ending* well and *Religiously*. All *Virtues* fight the good Fight, says *St. Jerome* ; but *Perseverance* Alone is *Crown'd*. What *Merit* can those *Frail* and *Transitory Virtues* pretend to, which rise and fall like *Flowers* that *Die* almost in their very *Birth* ? But what *Glory* do those *Solid* and *lasting Virtues* deserve, which without *degenerating*, do advance still, and raise themselves to *Perfection*, like the *Morning-Light*, that always encreases to the *utmost Brightness* of the day.

Such and more *Pure* yet, has been the *Virtue* of the *Holy King*, the worthy *Object* both of our *Lamentations* and our *Praises*. If he was a *Sinner* by *Humane Frailty*, he was yet a *Penitent* by *Reflexion* ; and ever since the happy Moment that *Tribulation* confirm'd him in the *Ways of Justice*, he has walked in them without *Retiring*, without *Straying*, without *Stopping*. His *Course* was but as one continual *Transport* to the most sublime *Perfection* ; till at last *Death* that accomplishes his *Pains* and his *Sorrows*, comes to *Crown* his *Patience*, and consummate his *Charity* : And this is, *Sirs*, to what I confine *Solid Glory* ; wherewith *God* comes now to *Compensate* even before our *Eyes*, the *Humane Glory* which the *holy King* had *Sacrific'd* to his good *Pleasure* ; *And thou hast receiv'd me into thy Hands with Glory*.

We

We need not fear then to see him upon a *Scuffle* with *Death*; for it is here, that his *Triumph* begins. *Fortune* took from him the *Scepter* and *Crown*; but it could not rob him of the *Honour* and *Prerogative* of dying a *Hero*, and a *Christian Hero*.

In vain does *Death* endeavour to *Surprize* him. He knew how to prevent *It* by his exact *Vigilancy*; he never lost *Sight* of it; He made *it* the Subject of his most *Divine Meditations*. In the Days of his *Health*, as well as in those of his *Faintness* and *Languishing*, He said with Holy King *David*: *Lord, make me sensible that I am Mortal, even before I come to Die*. Strongly imprint upon me the lively *Image* of my *Last Hour*. *Lord, make known to me my End*. *Psalm* 38. or, 39. And when I make this *Prayer* to Thee, *O my God*; It is not to Gratify a vain *Curiosity*, nor to abuse those few *Moments* which I have yet to *live*; but it is to go down *Alive*, as it were, into the *Grave*; it is to bury-up the *Pride* of *Royalty* in the *Dust* of my First *Original*; it is to augment my *Fervency*, according as I shall see the *Number* of my *Days* *Decrease*; it is to make hast to acquire those *Virtues* which I yet want; it is, in fine, to lay-up together more and more *Treasures* of *Eternity*: *That I may know what is wanting to me*. *Ibid*.

By these Pious *Ejaculations*, the Holy King makes Himself *Familiar* with *Death*. At what *Time* soever, and under what *Shape* soever it appear'd or presented it self, it always found his *Heart* prepar'd, his *Chains* broken off, his *Soul* disengag'd. Far from *Fearing* it, he meets it (as I may say) full in the Face; he calls for it in his *Vows* and his *Prayers*. Scarce does he feel Himself struck with it, but he thinks of uniting his

Sacrifice

Sacrifice to the *Sacrifice* of *JESUS CHRIST*; and without any need of preparing himself for't, as *We* do, by *Artificial Excuses* and *Put-Offs*; he demands of *Himself*, the *Holy Sacrament*; that heavenly *Viaticum*. Sees he, his *Saviour* and his *Judge* a coming? He can no longer contain his *Raptures* and *Transports* of *Joy*. Here is then at last, *says he*, here is that *Happy Moment*, after which I have languish'd for so many *Years*. O my *GOD*, in this last *Combat*, be Thou my *Strength*; after having purified me with Thy *Blood*, and fortify'd me with *Cælestial Unction*. At these Words, he peaceably presents his *Body* to the *Ministers of the Lord*: He says with them the *Prayers of the Agony*, and becomes *Himself* in some Measure the *Minister* of his own *Sacrifice*.

It is now no longer that *Prophane Hero*, *Prodigal* of his *Life*, that so often Encounter'd *Death* by an *Instinct* of *Vanity*; It is a *Christian Hero*, that looks it *Boldly* in the *Face* with the *Eyes of Faith*, who manages the last *Moments of Salvation*.

All are *Troubled*; All are mov'd with *Compassion* and *Sorrow*; All melt into *Tears* about Him; while the undisturb'd *Hero*, in a kind of *Extasy*, wholly taken up with *GOD*, and the happy *Eternity* drawing-on, is in full Possession of the *Peace* of the *Just*, and the *Joy* of the *Holy Ghost*. Far from being afflicted *Himself*, he comforts *those* that are afflicted, and joyns the *Constancy* of *Ezekias* to the *Tranquility* of *David*, a-dying. He saw by an *Excellent Spirit* what should come to pass at the last, and he comforted them that were *Sorrowful in Sion*. *Eccles. 40.*

In

In the mean while, there shines forth a Ray of *Hope*. The hidden Cause of the *Kings* Illness and Fainting shews it self; *Remedies* are apply'd. New *Pains*, new *Troubles*, new *Tryals of Patience*. Being an Enemy to *Medicines* by *Antipathy*; he submits to them, by *Religion*; without *Desire* as well as without *Resistance*. Fifteen Days pass over his *Head* in a dubious Condition; being in Suspence betwixt *Life* and *Death*, between that fatal *Instant*, when *Time ends*, and that, when *Eternity begins*, the *Holy King* redoubles every Moment his Fervency of Devotion. Upon the failing of his *Voice*; his *Eyes*, his *Gestures*, his *Attention*, even his *Silence* and *All* speak in him. Have they a Mind yet to awaken his *Sleepy Senses*, let them pronounce the Holy Name of *GOD*; let them apply the Sacred Sign of *Redemption* to his Lips. At the sight of *Jesus* Crucify'd, his *Dying-Looks* recover *Light*; and notwithstanding the Faintness of *Nature*, a lively *Faith* quickens again and animates his Countenance.

One would say that this *Hero* so far above Mortal Things, had recollected his whole *Soul* together entire, to accomplish his *Sacrifice*. *Grace* re-unites in his last *Moments* those different *Virtues*, which before appeared in him as diffus'd and dispersed, according to the Variety of *Time* and *Occasion*; and his *Death* is in short (if I may be bold to say it) the *Abridgement* of his *Life*,

If he speaks, the *Queen* finds her *Consolation* in his Words; his *Children*, their *Duties*; his *Domesticks*, their *Hope*; his *Protestant Subjects*, their *Instruction*; the *Catholicks*, their *Constancy*; the *Ministers of the Lord*, their *Edification*: And *All* together, either their *Condemnation*, or their *Example*.

K

But

But amidst the *Consternation* and the *Trouble* of an alarmed *Court*, what *Calmness* do I see all of a sudden arising again, and the *Storm* of Sorrow laid? What *New Spectacle* strikes my Eyes? A *King* coming into the World; A *King* going out of it; A *King*, the *Protector* of the *One*, and the *Comforter* of the *Other*; A *Queen*, that laments the Loss of her *Spouse*; A *Mother*, that Trembles for the *Crown* of her *Son*.

Raise your Hopes, *Great Princess*, you have under your Eyes the *Supporter* of *Kings* and of *Royalty*: *Lewis*, sent from Heaven, to be the *Protector* of *Lawful Rights*. Let *Policy* murmur; He will hear nothing but the Voice of *Religion*. Say to him only, as that *Wise* and *Judicious Queen* did, whose Words the *holy Scripture* hath consecrated. *The Eyes of all Israel are upon thee, that thou shouldst tell them, who shall sit on the Throne of my Lord the King after him. 1 Kings. c. i. DAVID is a-Dying; his Throne is Invaded: Pronounce between the Usurper and the Son.*

The *Oracle* explains it self, *Sirs*. *LEWIS* being enlighten'd by that *Wisdom*, which makes *Religion* and *Equity* the Rule of his Actions, declares publickly the *Lawful Rights* of *Young Solomon*. His *Tender* and *Majestick Expressions* carry a *Calm* to the Bottom of *People's Hearts*, and revive their languishing *Hopes*. *Sighs* are now chang'd into *Acclamations*. The *Queen* is divided between her *Grief* and her *Joy*. *Solomon* admires the *Protection* of *Heaven*, and the happy *Discovery* or *Unravelling* of his *Destinies*. *David a-Dying* is comforted; and he revives all the *Voice* that was left him, to bless the *God of Israel*, who comes to raise his *Crown*, and to put it upon his *Son's Head*. *Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, which hath given One to sit on my*

my Throne this day, mine Eyes even seeing it. Ibid.

Come, Young Hero, the growing Light of ISRAEL; Come and receive the last Sighs and the last Impressions of the Virtue of the King your Father. Death had no sooner made him sensible of its First Strokes, but he was willing to have You for a Spectator of his Sacrifice. Then finding Strength in his Love, and Truth lending him her liveliest Lights. My Son, says he, live in the Religion, in which you see me Die; Fear the Lord, honour the Queen your Mother, and next after GOD, put all your Hopes in the Generous King, who hath been my Refuge in Time of Trouble, and will be also your Friend.

Holy and Precious Words, which in Simplicity, and by an exact Distinction, contain all the Duties both of a Man and a Christian. Ardent Expressions indeed of a Heart, in which Death it self cannot extinguish Acknowledgment and Gratitude. If my weak Voice cannot transmit You to All Posterity, live at least for ever in the Remembrance of this Young King; whose good Natural Parts, Forward Wisdom, and Courage already form'd for Great Designs, give us the Highest Hopes both for Religion and for Government.

What is wanting yet, Sirs, to the Consummation of the Sacrifice. The solemn Pardon of all Enemies. This is the last Effort of Grace. It makes us surpass Love; it makes us surpass Hatred. Love, in Weaning us from that which seems most Dear to us; and Hatred, in Inuring us to that which appears to us most Odious: But that which would be a Difficult Matter for Others to do, costs the Holy King nothing. He Pardon'd without Trouble in his Life-time: He pardons with Pleasure at his Death.

'Tis

'Tis done. The *Victim* is ready and sanctify'd. Thou canst, *O my God*, receive it in the Odour of Sweetness! He has one only *Desire* still, and *that* should be to die the *same Day*, and, if possible, the *same Hour* that Thou expir'd upon the *Cross*. Thou grants it, *Lord*! This last finishing Stroke of *Resemblance* perfectly represents *Thy Death* as well as *Thy Life* in the *Holy King*; and in the *Moment* that I am *Speaking*, he is *no more*.

He is then for ever Vanish'd out of our Sight. *Death* that destroys All for *Others*, re-establishes All for *Him*; and every day discovers the *New Rays* which it adds to his *Glory*. Let us change our *Language*, and forbear to bewail *HIM*, that knew how to make his *Misfortunes* the Subject of his *Triumphs*. A *Life* more *Fortunate* would have render'd his *History* more *Illustrious*; but at last what would all that *Vain Glory* have avail'd him? His *Afflictions* are past, his *Prosperities* would have passed away in like manner; and they would have left him nothing but an unprofitable *Regret*, a bitter *Sorrow*, and a formidable *Account* to make.

But *now* that *GOD* has wip'd away his *Tears*, and chang'd his *Sadness* into *Joy*; *now* that *GOD* has set his *Seal* upon his *Virtue*, it brightens into new *Lustre* in the *Eyes* of the *World*. The *Court*, the *Town*, *Citizens*, *Strangers*, and *All* Extol with Emulation the Wonders of his *Life* and his *Death*; and *those very Persons*, in whom *Prejudice*, *Blindness*, or *Malice* had suspended the *Admiration* which was so justly due to him, find *Themselves* now engag'd in the *Crowd* of his *Admirers*.

Let

Let us attend with Reverence to the *Sovereign Decision* of the *Holy Pope*. He speaks already; he applauds in his *Discourses* and by his *Letters*, the worthy Successour of the *Eloquence*, as well as of the *Zeal* of the *LEO's* and the *GREGORIES*. *GOD* over and above, even *God* explains himself from the Highest Heavens, and makes the singular *Marks* of the *Power* and *Authority*, wherewith he has invested his *Faithful Servant*, glitter upon incredulous Eyes.

His *Justice* breaks forth at the same time, that his *Mercy* is so *Illustrious*. The *Ambitious Man* falls suddenly from the highest Pitch of his *Grandeur*; and *Death* that came with a *Slow Pace*, precipitates his *Fall*, to confound his *Odious Projects*. It seems that *GOD* hath not prolong'd his languishing Days, much further than it was necessary to accomplish the *Merit* and the *Patience* of the *Holy King*.

Compare now, *My Brethren*, the *Glory* of the *Sinner* with the *Glory* of the *Just*. The *One* dispossest'd, and stript of his vain *Titles*, and reduc'd to the Solitude of the *Grave*, Sleeps in Silence and in Dust: The *Other* expos'd to *Publick Veneration*, receives the *Honour* and the *Vows* of the *Faithful*; and their *Suffrages* already raise him up to *Altars*. The *Reputation* of the *One* dwindles, grows weaker and weaker every day, and shall no support it self in the End, but by the *Memory* of the *Troubles* which his fatal *Power* created in the *World*: The *Memory* of the *Other*, maintain'd by the *Sanctity* of his *Life*, diffuses it self like a *Precious, Sweet Perfume*, and will find its *Increase* and its *Influence* in the *Succession* of all *Ages*. This here, upon his *Departing*, sees his *Name* and his *Authority* in Blossom again to flourish in the *Worthy*

L

Heir

38 *A Funeral Oration upon the Death*

Heir of his *Virtues*. That there, passes away like a barren *Cloud*, that leaves not any *Footstep* behind it, nor any *Shadow* of Remembrance.

Shall we not be touch'd, *My Brethren*, with an *Example* so present and so sensible? Need we any other *Spectacle* than *Vanity* it self, to undeceive us of the *Vanity*? See how the rapid *Torrent* of *Ages*, successively carries away *Kings* and *Kingdoms* at a Sweep. Power and Dominion pass from one *Hand*, from one *Family*, from one *Nation* to another. Every thing *changes*, every thing *falls-away*, every thing *sinks* into an *Abyss*, both under our *Feet* and above our *Heads*. The most lively *Images* of the Grandeur of *GOD*, become at last the greatest Proofs of the NOTHINGNESS of *Men*.

O Heaven!

Must the *Charm* of *Sense* and *Enjoyment* hinder our *Forefight* for the *Future*, and must the *Present* take away the *Time to come*? And even at this very *Present*, what Bottom is there of *Reflections*? What *Falls*! What *Catastrophes*! What a prodigious *Mass* of *Evils* that afflict us, of *Evils* that threaten us. Of *Jealousies* without End; of *Enmities* without Bounds! Of *Miseries* without Remedy or Recovery! The *War* kindled in all *Parts* of the *World*: All *Passions* let loose upon us, either to Torment us or do us a *Mischief*.

Being *Christians*, *My Brethren*, let us not add to our *Afflictions*, that of being *Rebels* to the *Almighty's* Chastisements. This is the utmost Pitch of *Misfortune*, and the very Height of *Unhappiness*. *GOD* smites *Crown'd Heads*, and Sacrifices them for our *Instru-*

Instruction; but *Crown'd Heads* teach us to *Revere* the *Judgments* of GOD in the Calamities which oppress us. And the Voluntary *Sacrifice* which they make of their *Crowns*, shews Us with what *Submission* we ought to accept the *Punishment*, or rather the *Expiation* of our Sins.

Sacred Minister of the LIVING GOD; *Visible Angel of the New Covenant*; You, whose *Virtue* maintains its Ground among the most Glorious and Glaring *Prosperities*. Wise and Happy, Great and Modest all at once, suffer me to Cite You here for a *Witness* of those *Virtues*, whose *Picture* I come now to draw again. Your Eyes have seen the *Fervour* of the *First Christians* reinforc'd in the *Holy King*; as He hath seen reviving in You the *Zeal* of the *Pastors* of the *Primitive Church*. His *Faith* was animated by the Example of your *Piety*; your *Duty* was excited by the *Prodigies* of his *Faith*. You taught him both the *One* and the *Other*, the *Use* and the *Contempt* which he ought to make of *Humane Grandeurs* and *Secular Glories*.

Accomplish the *Sacrifice* of the *Lamb without Spot*, to Purify perfectly that *Heart*, already so Pure, so Holy, so Penitent, so Disengag'd; who had a Mind that his *Last Sighs* should be Consecrated by your *Pastoral Benediction*.

May, My Lord, the ardent and efficacious *Prayers* of *Tour Eminence*, draw down from Heaven *Consolations* in abundance upon the afflicted *Queen*: Upon her *Royal Offspring*, a visible *Protection*; Upon the *King* the *Vanquisher* of *Kings*, an *Absolute Victory*;
Peace

A Funeral Oration upon the Death

*Peace upon France; Light upon England; and upon
this illustrious Assembly, all the Assistances and Graces
necessary to bring them to the Blessed Mansion, where
there is an Exemption from all Evil, and the Fulness
of all Good Things.*

